The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Look What's Coming! By Nell Brinkley

(So Says Dame Fashion)

No. 1—The pretty hair fashion now.

No. 2—And what fashion is going to wish on us.

Madame Fashion is a compelling and wicked little Parisian woman who sits on the mountains of curious things and all day long is busy confounding the world of women, saying: "You shall wear this—and now you shall wear that! Yesterday I gave you crinoline—today you shall sally out in a wisp of cloth—tomorrow I shall give you both crinoline and the mummy skirt—and you shall look like a beautiful humming top or a half-closed umbrella—so you shall!" And so we do—by goodness! If you are a man with lots of women folks, you'll know—if you read the newspapers and listen with one ear at the little earnest shreds of talk that drift between 'em—that girl-and-women folk never mean to wear strange and queer things—no. Long ago before balloon sleeves came in (and sometimes they were plaid!), when the rumor of them came whispering from the place where Madame Fashion amuses herself with her toys, my mother said, nodding her sincere brown head, "I'll never wear big sleeves." And my chum and I, leaning solemnly over her sewing machine, echoed, "Neither will we!" Yet in my studio leans a queer little photograph of my chum, her brown curls ringing loose over the shoulders of great plaid sleeves—mountainous, generous, overwhelming, stiffened (I remember how they cracked), giving her the look of a little brown bug trying to hold down two toy balloons. The three of us had them.

Now that Madame Invention has dealt out to us for so generous a time—the sleeve that follows so beautifully the shoulder line—the blouse with its two seams, falling naturally to the line of body underneath—the loose girdle that is no smaller now than the girl's very own waist—something's going to happen, so they say—and one dreadful word is "Bustle." Madame Fashion is like a "poor little rich girl;" she tires soon of every toy—and when the toy happens to be one we like and beautiful, it doesn't make any "differ"—she drags us away from it and on to the next—even if it be a bustle. No woman wants to wear a bustle and crinoline—and they're reveling and wriggling about with pleasure in the loose waist zone—but the wicked little woman in Paree is yawning and turning her nimble wits over and over for something new—and out of it comes some grotesque and uncanny rumorings—dyed wigs—blue and green and purple (the colors we've always let the men folks keep for their water-wet locks)—crinoline—pantalettes (truly—one la femme has already stepped the streets with them—the bustle—(haven't you heard the women ceratures at your house lately say they'll never wear 'em?)—and now this wonderful way of the hair—our own hair—flat hair—ratless and comfortable and mighty pretty hair—will go, along, with all the other good things—to the limbo of fairy tales and Santa Claus; and here is its successor! Look at it. It'll be pretty on the prettiest girl in the world—but the "just girl" will seem kind of skinned at first—will remind you of her curl paper and good night time! But that isn't all! Even if she isn't pretty—it looks sensible—but it isn't. With it come back the things to build hair over—heavy—tiring—and if it's a mattress-like bolt of hair—disgusting.

Oh, Madame Fashion, little wicked woman—why don't you leave us, our hair—in this delectable mode you've given us—our falt hair—our own hair—shaped to our head? It's a pretty way girls have done their hair for the last year, I'm thinking!

NELL BRINKLEY.

"THE KING OF DIAMONDS"

A Thrilling Story of a Modern Monte Cristo

BY LOUIS TRACY.

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Philip Anson, a boy of 15, of good birth and breeding, finds himself an orphan and in dire poverty, his mother having just died. A terrific storm sweeps over London, just at this time, and the boy saves the life of a little girl, but is abused and cuffed by a man, who says he is the girl's guardian, and whose name is Lord Vanstone. Philip returns to the place where his mother had died, determined to commit suicide, but just at this time a terrific flash of lightning is followed by the fall of a meteor in the courtyard of Johnson's Mews, the home of the boy, and he takes it as a sign from heaven. He picks up several bits of the meteor and takes them to a diamond dealer, named Isaacstein. The broker recognises the bits as meteoric diamonds, and has Philip taken in charge by the police. At the prison Philip gives the name of Morland, having gotten that from some letters his mother left. Lady Morland, dining in a restaurant, reads of the boy's arrest in a paper, and sets about to discover his antecedents.

Philip succeeds in establishing his ownership of the diamonds, and makes friends with the magistrate. On his release he enters into an arrangement with Isaacstein to sell the diamonds for him, and then establishes himself at a first-class hotel, from where he arranges for the purchase of the property of Johnson's Mews. He has an adventure there that results in his making friend with a policeman named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes an enemy of a desperate criminal named Jocky Mason. After he has arranged for an interview with Mr. Abingdon, the police magistrate, he goes for a stroll, and encounters Bradley and his wife. A few pleasant words with the policeman left Philip free to call on Mr. Abingdon, where he told the magistrate his story in full, and asked him to take the responsible position of guardian. Mr. Abingdon was interested, and that night Philip received a telegram from Isaacstein that his mission to Amsterdam had been successful. This closes the first epoch of the tale. Now opens the story of the mature Philip Anson.

A tall man, whom a policeman spotted as a ticket-of-leave man, visited the Mary Anson Home for Destitute Boys, which occupied the site of Johnson's Mews and the old junk store. He was shown around the fine building by an aged veteran of the Crimean war, O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the stranger how the home came to be built, but was disgusted when the man cursed violently at the mention of the boy who had become king of diamonds. Philip Anson in his home that night confessed to Abingdon that he knew himself to be nephew of Sir Philip Morland. He told of his mother's cruel treatment by her brother, and of the rebuffs she had met from Sir Philip's wife, who sought to make her son heir to the estate, and of the part played by Sharpe & Smith, the solicitors in the case. Philip decides to drop negotiations with the lawyers, and starts for his club. A tall man, who has been watching him, questions a servant, and leaves. Philip's driver nearly collides with a passing cab. At his club Philip is induced to buy some stalls for a benefit concert to be given at a music hall. On his walk home he passes the music hall, and is attracted by two men, who watch a young woman get into a cab, and overhears the address she gives. His suspicions are aroused, and he secures a cab to follow when the two men drive after the first cab in a brougham. At an open street the first cab drives into an obstruction. The two men in the brougham endeavor to persuade the girl to drive away with them, but Philip intervenes, and sends them about their business. He then induces the young woman to take his cab home.

Now Read On

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So they drove away together, and the driver of the hansom, striving to free his vehicle from the broken trestles, paused to scratch his head.

"'E fairly bested the crowd," he growled, "an' got the girl as well. My eye, but she's a beauty."

A Face from the Past.

Maida Crescent was little more than half a mile beyond the park.

Philip thought it due to the lady he had beguiled that she should know exactly how he came to interfere in her behalf. She listened in silence, and when she spoke, there was a suggestion of shy nervousness, oddly at variance with her spirited action of a few minutes earlier.

"I cannot understand it at all," she said. "I am seldom out so late. My professional engagements are few and far between, I am sorry to say."

"Were you attending a rehearsal at the Regent's Hall?"

"Yes."

"A rehearsal for Monsieur Jowkacsy's concert?"

"Yes."

She volunteered no further information, but Philip was a persistent person.

"I do not remember another day in my life previously," he said, "when so many fortuitous events grouped themselves together in suc ha curious relationship. Even this adventure is a sequel to a prior incident. Just before I joined in the chase after you I had purchased some tickets for Jowkacsy's musicale. The strangest item of all is that I was practically walking away from the direction in which I live when my attention was drawn to the cabman's behavior."

"Good gracious!" she protested, "am I taking you out of your way? I thought you merely happened to be driving after us through the park."

She invited no confidence. She adhered strictly to the affair of the moment, and he had no option but to follow her cue.

"I do not think I have ever been in Regent's Park before."

"What an amazing circumstance that you should gallop off in such a fashion to ther escue of an unknown woman, I mean."

"That, again, is original, or nearly so."

"Are you a Londoner?"

"To some extent—a little while each year. I live mostly on the sea."

"Oh, that accounts for your gallantry. You are a sailor."

"A yachtsman," corrected Philip.

"How delightful. I have not even seen the sea for ages. One has to work so hard nowadays to obtain recognition. I do not object to the work, for I love music, but the bread and butter aspect is disagreeable, and—and—you have learned tonight how even the small amount of publicity I have achieved brings with it the risk of insult."

"By the way," he said, quietly, striving not to add to the excitement under which she was certainly laboring, "one of those men is named Victor Grenier. You ought to know."

"Thank you. How did you ascertain it?"

"The cabman told me. He knew me."

"The cabman knew you?"

"Yes. I fly about town in hansoms. I am too lazy to walk."

He regretted the slip. He was known to the tribe of Jehus on account of his generosity to their charities; moreover, was not one of the order als horse-master?

The girl laughed, with a delightful merriment that relieved the tension.

"You acted like an indolent person," she cried. "Do you know, I felt that you would have banged the heals of these men together in another instant."

Their vehicle slackend pace, and curved toward the pavement in a quiet street.

"Here I am at home," she said, and Philip assisted her to alight.

"Oh, my music," she wailed, suddenly. "I left it in that horrid cab."

"Tell me your name," he said, "and I will recover it for you early in the morning."

"Are you sure? Oh, what a trouble I have been. How good you are."

"It is not the least trouble. I took the cabman's number."

"Indeed, indeed. I am very grateful to you. My name is Evelyn Atherley. I would ask you to call some day and see my mother, but—but—"

"You do not wish her to hear of your adventure tonight. It would frighten her?"

"She would be terrified each time I went out alone. Believe me, I can ill afford a hansom, but I take one late at night to please her, as the walk from the nearest 'bus route is lonely."

"You are singing at the Regent's Hall. I will be there. By the way, my name is Philip Anson."

The girl's big eyes—he fancied they were blue, but in the dim light he could not be sure—looked into his. There was a sparkle of merriment in them, he thought—a quick perception of a hint delicately conveyed. But she said, quite pleasantly:

"My last song is at 10:15. I will leave the hall at 10:30. I hope my mother will be with me. I will be most pleased to see you there, and thank you more coherently than is possible now, especially if you recover my music."

The quick trot of a fast-driven horse came 'round the corner.

Philip was assuring her that they would certainly meet next evening, when a hansom pulled up behind the waiting vehicle, and the driver said:

"Beg pawdon, miss, you left this," and he held forth the lost portfolio. The cabman was anxious to atone for his share in the night's proceedings.

Philip tipped him in a manner that caused the man to murmur his renewed regret, but he was sternly told to go. Philip's own reward from Miss Atherley was a warm handshake and a grateful smile.

He drove homeward, wondering how he could best help her in her career.

And she, after kissing her mother "goodnight," went to her room to wonder also, but her wonderment was mixed with regret. For such a nice young man as Philip Anson must have troops of friends; he must be rich; he must be far removed from the orbit of a girl who, whatever her birth and breeding, was driven in the flower of her youth to earn her living on the concert platform.

Jowkacsy won his laurels with superb ease. Philip, listening to the Polish genius, found himself hoping that the fair English girl might achieve some measure of the rapturous applause bestowed on the long-haired enthusiast. He murmured the thought, in guarded commonplace, to his musical friend.

"Impossible, my dear fellow," was the instant verdict. "She is mediocre; just an average singer, and no more. Music is divine, but its exploiters suffer from the petty jealousies of housemaids. Jowkacsy can have no rivals tonight. Eckstein is a master, of course, but a necessary evil as an accompanist. The other artists are mere fill-ups—good, or they would not be here, but not in the front rank. Listen. I am connected with a choral society in my county, and we once engaged a leading tenor and a second rate baritone. The tenor had a name with fourteen letters, and the baritone only owned four. The unfortunate local printer selected his type to fill the lines on the bill by size and not by merit. The moment the tenor saw the four-letter man looming large across the poster he absolutely refused to sing a note unless fresh bills were printed with his fourteen letters in larger type. And we were compelled to humor him. That is music from the agent's point of view."

When Miss Evelyn Atherley advanced to the front of the platform Philip thought he had never seen a woman so beautiful. She had the grace of a perfect figure and the style of an aristocrat. She was dressed in light blue chiffon, with a spray of forget-me-nots, the color of her eyes, arranged across the front of her bodice. Anson experienced a thrill of pleasure when he saw the bouquet he caused to be forwarded to her contained flowers of a kindred hue. The skill of the florist had correctly interpreted his description, which, indeed, was largely guesswork on his part.

A high forehead and a mouth and chin of patriarchal mould gave an air of caste to an otherwise sweetly preety face.

"By jove!" whispered the critic, "if she sings as well as she looks I may be mistaken."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Wasted Energy.

A man who had never been duck hunting shot at a duck in the air. The duck fell dead to the ground.

"Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.

"Yes," replied the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."—Boston Post.

Parents to Blame When Children Lie -:- Either Raise Barrier Bewteen Selves and Little One's Confidences, or Treat Them as Subjects of Jokes

By DOROTHY DIX.

Why do parents make it so hard for their children to be truthful to them, and confidential with them?

Every father and mother in the world want their children to love them; they want their children to come to them with all of their heart secrets, they want their children to tell them everything they do, and think of doing. Yet they deliberately raise every possible barrier between themselves and their sons and daughters, and practically force their children into becoming little liars. Honestly, when you observe the way the average father and mother treat their children, it looks as if when people becomes parents they took leave of the last particle of common sense that they had.

Take the matter of a child's confidence. We all know that if a father and mother are to guide a child aright they must look into his very soul. We also know that there is nothing else in nature so shy, so sensitive, and so afraid of ridicule as a little child. It takes a touch as light and delicate as that of the most skillful surgeon to probe into a little girl's or boy's thoughts.

Yet, knowing this, ninety-nine parents out of a hundred do not hesitate to repeat as a good jest, before a room full of people, the sacred confidences that their children have given them. They drag out the little thoughts and fancies that were the very core of the child's heart for the amusement of a lot of brutal grown-ups who guffaw with laughter that is a crucifixion to the child that sees himself being held up as a figure of fun to be mocked at and jeered at.

I have known a mother to repeat the shy love story of her little daughter had told her, and to subject her first romance to vulgar criticism. I have heard whole families, grandmothers, and aunts, and and cousins, regaled on the story of some fooliah little act a girl had done, and which she had told to her mother, because she was uneasy in her conscience about it, and felt the need of advice, but which she didn't want exploited abroad and brayed to the world.

The result of all this is that the parents simply seal their children's lips. They blight confidences in the bud. Experience has taught the young ones that their elders are not to be trusted, that they will make their sacred heart secrets the subject of a joke, or else publish them to the world. That is why the average girl and boy confide in strangers instead of their parents.

Parents also make their children liars by punishing them if they tell the truth. They put a reward upon mendacity by making veracity painful. When Johnnie knocks over the jam jar in trying to get to it, mother asks him who did it. If Johnnie says, "I did," mother spanks him for it. One or two experiences of this nature teach Johnnie the wisdom and prudence of saying that as he was passing through the pantry he saw the cat do it.

To penalize the truth with children is to drive them into falsehood, and yet in all my acquaintance I know but one mother and father who have intelligence enough to recognize this patent fact. No matter what their children have done, if they tell the truth about it they are never punished. In fact, immunity from punishment is the reward for telling the truth, for these wise people believe that there is hope of every boy and girl turning out right if they are not raised up to be cowards and liars.

When a child has done a wrong or a foolish thing and he comes to you frankly and honestly and tells you about it, you have got a chance to do something with him by talking to him kindly and tenderly, and pointing out his error to him. But how helpless you are if you have made your child afraid to tell the truth to you, and he comes lying and cringing to you like a dog that is afraid of being beaten.

That parents drive their children away from home by their continual nagging and tyranny is also true. They send many a girl out to her ruin, and drive many more into hasty and ill-advised marriages.

Here is a case in point: A young girl, a nice, honest young business girl of my acquaintance, is engaged to be married to a worthy young fellow. They are not ready to marry yet because they are both very young, and the man wants to be a little better established in his business, and to save up money to furnish a little home before he marries, and the girl wants to give her earnings for a couple of years to her parents, who are poor, as some return for the money they have spent in rearing her.

But a month or so ago the girl and her fiance went out together to a party. They were detained and got home later than the mother and father thought proper. Thereupon the parents fell upon the girl with intolerable abuse, and ordered the young man from the house. The girl tried to explain, but her mother and father refused to listen, and ever since have made things so unpleasant for her at home that she is going to escape by rushing precipitately into hasty marriage.

This is, of course, an exceptional case, but many another girl marries the first man who asks her because her mother is always scolding her, or her father is grumpy, or because she is denied reasonable liberty of action.

The trouble with parents seems to be that they think that their children are not human beings, with natural human instincts, but some queer species of animal to which the ordinary rules of life and conduct do not apply. Every man and woman know well enough that they never tell things the second time to an individual who abuses their confidence; that they indulge in subterfuge when the truth is going to prove unpleasant and expensive, and that they get away as fast as possible from those who tyrannize over them.

Yet they do all of these things to their children, and wonder why their children don't confide in them, and are so crazy to leave home.

A Mother to Sons Only

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The following tear-stained letter tells its own story of the insurgent heart of a girl, an insubordination that is incited and strengthened by the too apparent fact that her mother is mother to her sons only:

"I am 15. I have two brothers, 18 and 19. I go to grammar school, and have no one to confide in but you. My mother always pets my brothers and speaks so kindly to them, and if any one talks about them she is insulted. But me! I get picked at all the time. I ask her why she doesn't pet me, and she says I don't work yet and can't expect any kindness. I go to a party about once a year, and my mother scolds me so much before I go I can't eat or talk natural when there. I have to sit and watch the others play kissing games, because my mother won't let me play them; and the boys only kiss them on the cheek. Then, at 9 my brother comes for me, and it breaks up the party, and I am always looked down on because I break up the party. (Please excuse this writing, but I am very nervous.)

"I never bring my girl friends home, because mother makes fun of them, but my brothers have all their friends, and when their friends come I have to sit out in the kitchen. I can't remember the last time my mother kissed me, and she tells me every day I am getting homelier, and no girl likes to hear that. My brothers tease me all the time, and if I answer back my mother punishes me.

"Isn't it true every girl who is treated as I am, and can't have friends, becomes the worst kind of a girl? I am speaking to you, hoping I will have some friend. I am not a bad girl. I come home straight from school and do housework till supper time and never get out.

"When boys whose families are decent ask me to go to picture shows, mother won't let me go, and she won't let any boy come to the house. I think that is why so many girls go wrong. Their mothers won't let boys come to the house, so they meet them on the street corners.

"I always act decent, and would like some innocent fun, but mother makes me stay home, and then makes home unpleasant by finding fault with me.

"I have black hair and brown eyes, and I don't think I'm so awfully homely. What shall I do? I can't help it because I was born."

The letter is published in the hope that those mothers who are mothers to their sons only will read it. There are such mothers; the world is fulll of them. Mothers who are on bended knee before the man child, and who are fault-finding and unjust, and harsh to the point of cruelty to their daughters, with the inherent longings of whose hearts they have neither understanding nor sympathy.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A young couple doesn't consider three a crowd—after the honeymoon.

Minimize scandal in the home of your neighbor and pulverize it in your own.

We would be surprised if we knew what our neighbors think of us—if they ever give use a thought.

Occasionally we meet a man who can't stand prosperity, but more often we encounter men who never had a chance to find out.—Chicago News